I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord ?

*CH. JUST.* Come all his forces back ?

*Gow.* No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are marchM up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

*FAL.* Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord ?

*CH. JUST.* You shall have letters of me presently:
Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

*FAL.* My lord!

*CH. JUST.* What's the matter ?

*FAL.* Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner ?

*Gow.* I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.

*CH. JUST.* Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go-

*FAL.* Will you sup with me, master Gower ?

*CH. JUST.* What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John ?

*FAL.* Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. — This is the right fencing grace, my lord, tap for tap, and so part fair.

*CH. JUST.* Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool,

*[Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

The Same. Another Street.

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.*

*P. HEN.* Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

*Poins.* Is it come to that ? I had thought*